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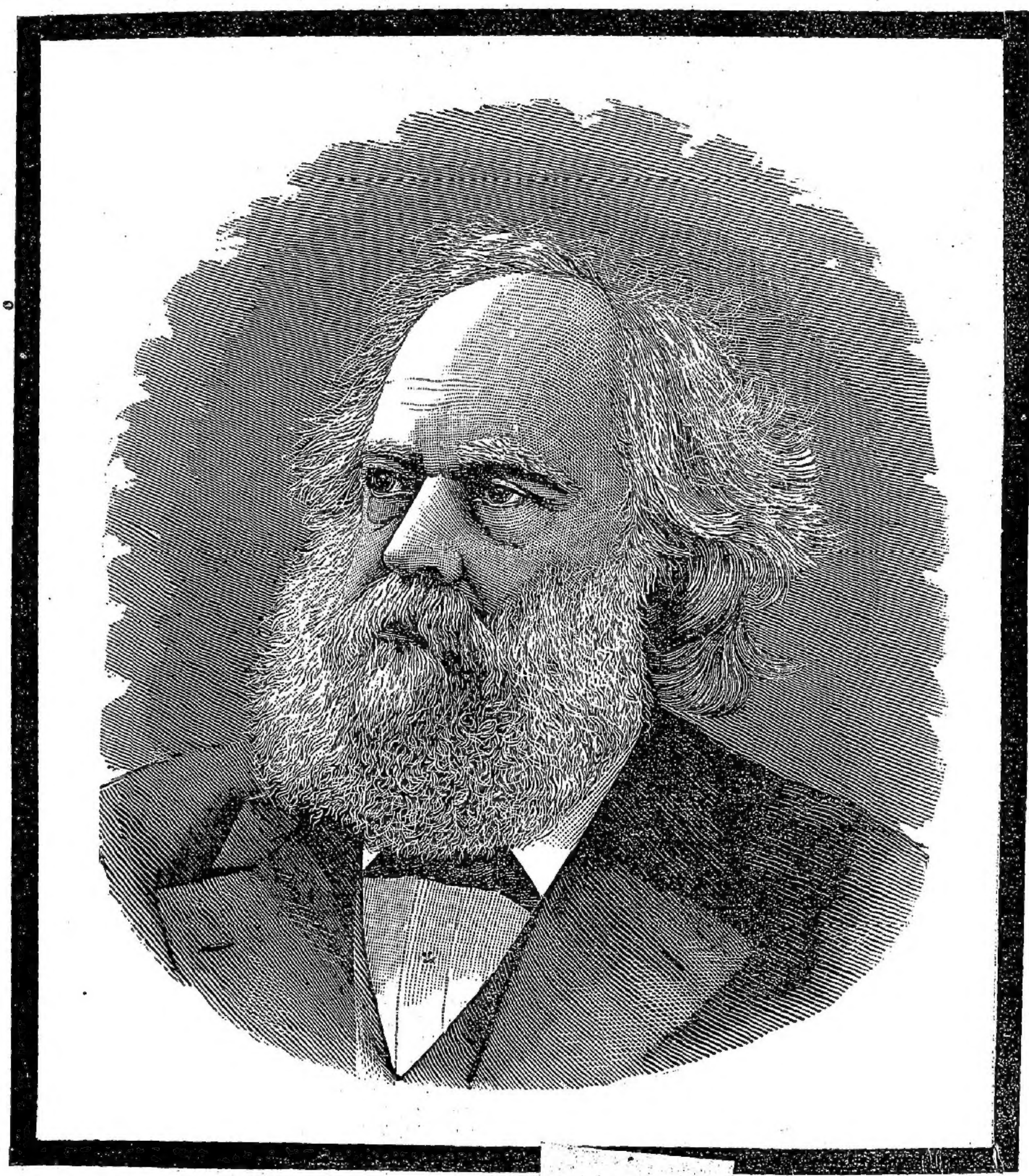

THE LATE MR. J[illegible]LL.

AUBERT GALLION QUE
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JOHN DOUGALL.

When our Lord Jesus spoke of the death of His people He always called it sleep, and we should think of it in the same way. It is not the end of life but merely the passing from one form of life to another. Certainly never did sleep come to tired eyes more gently and unconsciously than death came one morning lately to Mr. John Dougall, the founder of the *Northern Messenger*, the Montreal *Witness*, the New York *Witness*, and a number of other publications. Actively engaged in the duties of his profession, working for both Montreal and New York papers till within a few minutes of his death, he sat down to the breakfast table surrounded by a little circle of children and grandchildren, and in a minute or two his head drooped and he "was not, for God took him." Terribly sudden, does any one say? Not so. He had long been waiting for the call, earnestly hoping that he might die in harness, and not be laid aside from usefulness, for to his active mind the thought of doing nothing was most painful. His beloved wife, with three dear children, two grandchildren, and a host of friends and fellow-workers were already on the other side; his treasure was there, and his heart was there, and his Master was there, and at any moment he knew he might be with them in glory. Yet up to the last he earnestly desired to live and work for the good of others. He visited his daughter two days before he died, and after remarking that each of his grandchildren—of whom he leaves thirteen, was a source of great joy to him—he said with deep earnestness, "I tell you there is much to live for. I never felt more that there was something to live for, but," he added, "there are not wanting indications that the end is near." Every letter was answered, every good-bye said, for he never parted from his dear ones without the thought expressed or understood that he might not see them again in this world, and when the call came, without a pang he entered into the joy of his Lord. During his long life of seventy-eight years of intense activity he had hardly known what illness was, but the thought of death was one never long absent from his mind. This may have arisen from the fact that when a boy of fifteen he had seen his grandfather, a man of sixty-two years, and apparently in perfect health, come in from the garden where he had been working among his beloved flowers, sit down on the side of the bed and suddenly expire. His father, too, had passed away at the age of fifty, though not suddenly, and it therefore was not wonderful that when past middle life death should seem very near. His whole aim was to use to the utmost, while life lasted, every power and capacity which God had given him, for the benefit of his fellow-men, and even up to the last when the infirmities of age were creeping on him, he would often work fifteen hours a day.

John Dougall was born in Paisley, Scotland, in 1808, in the troublous times of war and revolution. His home was a long rambling stone house in a large garden, on the top of a hill. The Potter Hill garden, as it was called, was celebrated far and near for its choice flowers and fruits. Duncan Dougall, his grandfather, a muslin manufacturer, was passionately fond of flowers, and the banks of variegated hollies and rare roses, and the beds of the finest tulips which money could procure, accounted for the taste which descended in great strength to the grandchildren. The family consisted of the father, grandfather and grandmother, and the two boys, John and James, whose mother had died too young for even the elder boy to retain any distinct memory of her. Here an active, happy childhood was passed. Each boy had a piece of work set daily for him in the garden, and when that was done almost unlimited freedom for reading and roaming. They, however, delighted to assist their grandmother in the work of the house, and in after years her simple cookery on the old-fashioned hearth was the standard of everything that was excellent in that line.

Paisley, a busy manufacturing town, was noted for the intelligence and earnestness with which the questions of the day were studied and discussed by young and old. Clubs even met in the street to advocate free trade, repeal of the corn laws, reform in parliament and other changes. Duncan Dougall took a prominent part in such discussions, and one can picture the grandsons standing listening with eager pride to his enthusiastic eloquence, even when his views did not accord with those of their quieter father. This father, John Dougall, a man remarkable for the kindness and courtesy which he showed to all, was known as the greatest reader in Paisley and a keen reformer in politics, and his tastes likewise descended to his sons. There was a good public library in Paisley, besides a large number of standard works in the home, so that with reviews and magazines the supply of reading was practically unlimited and vast stores of general information were laid up by the boys for future use. A boys' literary club for the reading of original essays and poems met weekly at the house, and of the six who formed it four afterwards became editors and one a poet of considerable fame. In an address given at a *Witness* Office festival in 1871 Mr. Dougall said, "Nurtured on such mental food I early aspired to be a writer myself, and an unfinished epic in imitation of Beattie's 'Minstrel' and a play entitled 'The Black Prince' in imitation, I need not say how distant, of Shakespeare, occupied my leisure time before my fourteenth year." At the age of fifteen he had to manage the manufacturing business during his father's illness. In 1826, at the age of eighteen, he came to Canada with a small consignment of the celebrated Paisley shawls and business prospering he was soon joined by his brother and became a comparatively wealthy young merchant. He was not, however, the kind of man to accumulate wealth, even apart from business reverses, as money had no charm for him, except for what could be accomplished by it, and a man whose leading passion was to set right whatever was wrong, and to elevate the race generally could never have taken pleasure in adding interest to principal and piling up money to leave behind him. Still as a young man he seems to have had some expensive tastes. One who knew him well says of this period:—"He had not yet reached the point where

> 'The individual withers, and the world is more and more,'

for he considered the finest pine-apple handkerchiefs none too good for daily use, while his spirited black riding horse, and his need of a valet seemed in after years accessories which would have been quite distasteful to one who had the needs of a world lying in sin so laid upon his heart, and had such an ardent admiration for the unselfishness of our Saviour, that he counted money only useful when it was laid out to bear 'interest,' as he said, in the cause of Christ. He often called attention to the fact that money given at once would go on doing good in increasing circles and that a small sum given now was better than a large one given years hence."

In connection with his business he travelled extensively through Upper and Lower Canada, even spending a winter in the backwoods of Lanark, and thus became thoroughly familiar with the needs of the country, having a personal acquaintance with great numbers of its most prominent men. As early as 1828 he was interested in the temperance reform, and in 1832 he became an active member of the Montreal Temperance Society. In 1835 he started *The Canada Temperance Advocate*, which he edited himself, although a large and prosperous business might be supposed to occupy all his powers. The business supplied the means to run the paper, which was sent gratuitously to every minister of all denominations, and in 1871 Mr. Dougall said: "I often from time to time meet with people from various parts of the country who tell me they never tasted intoxicating drinks in their lives, because their fathers took the *Advocate*, and brought up their families on total abstinence principles." Not satisfied with this he held temperance meetings on the docks and in different parts of the city, trying specially to enlist the children, and one frequently hears the remark from gray-headed people: "I signed the pledge when I was a little boy at one of Mr. Dougall's meetings." As he travelled through the country on business he made arrangements beforehand for the holding of public temperance meetings, where he urged the importance of forming temperance societies, and no one can look at these facts without seeing that the proud position which Canada now holds in the temperance ranks she owes largely to his untiring enthusiasm. In 1840 he married the daughter of the late John Redpath, a man prominent in the Presbyterian church, and in every good word and work. Not willing to join any church which, in the language of the day, "fellowshipped rumsellers," he and his wife united with what was then a little struggling Congregational church which, however, under Dr. Wilkes soon grew into a power in the city, furnishing many workers for the great religious societies then recently formed. In 1846 the Montreal *Witness* was started as a weekly, and thus a long cherished ambition was fulfilled. "It was," said its founder on its 25th anniversary, "religious without being sectarian, and political irrespective of party. It advocated from the first the claims of evangelical religion—the temperance reformation—the Sabbath—human freedom and every other good cause, to the best of its ability, and with no uncertain sound. In this course it has continued for a quarter of a century, and in it with the help of God it will still persevere." This paper rapidly became a power in Canada, and its editor, still carrying on various lines of business for the support of his family, never ceased to invent new plans for extending its influence or adding to it other publications. In the course of time semi-weekly and tri-weekly papers were tried, and in 1860 a cheap religious daily paper was started in Montreal. Its success was such that the far-seeing eye of its founder saw the almost infinite possibilities of good which might arise from the establishment of similar papers in every great city, and from that time he never rested in his efforts to get other people to see the matter as he saw it. A gentleman of means, residing in the State of New York, came in 1871 to Montreal, and invited him to start a daily in New York, towards which enterprise he engaged to give a large sum, and this was the origin of the New York *Daily Witness*, (which after years of usefulness was at length dropped under the pressure of hard times), as well as of the New York *Weekly Witness* which now exercises a world-wide influence wherever people are interested in temperance work. Of the sufferings and sacrifices through which such an end was attained, it is not our purpose to speak here. When God calls a man to a certain work, He gives to him and to his family strength to endure, but the fiery trials through which faith is perfected form a theme too sacred for discussion.

During the whole of his earlier and later work Mr. Dougall had the families of his subscribers prominently before his mind, and never sent out a paper without something in it to interest the children, many of whom felt toward him as a very dear friend. With special reference to their needs the *Northern Messenger* was started in 1865, at the lowest possible price, and it soon found its way to the outskirts of civilization in the new country, its circulation extending rapidly in all directions. It has passed through many phases of character, but has been always and everywhere welcomed by the children as their special friend. While working thus earnestly for the families of others, Mr. Dougall's own children were growing up around him. Of these there were nine, three boys and six girls, who worked and played in a lovely garden, on the side of beautiful Mount Royal, the gift of Mr. Redpath to his eldest daughter. Their interests were first with their father, who himself instructed them thoroughly in the Bible in a manner very rare in these modern days. Old Testament history was more familiar to the children than any well-conned school book, and the language of the Psalms, both in prose and verse, became to them the natural expression of the needs of their souls, and of their confidence in God. Both father and mother had firm faith in the promises of a covenant keeping God, who had said "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee," and trained as they were in faith and obedience, it was not wonderful that all the children early yielded themselves to the Master so devotedly loved by their parents. At meal times the father talked over the news of the day with the young people in such a manner, that all grew up with world-wide sympathies and interests. One of them says:

"I never knew anyone with such an intense interest in whatever was occurring in the world's history. At the time of the Crimean war, though news in those days arrived but once a week, the family was kept wrought up to such an intense pitch of excitement, that the successes and defeats of the war, the miserable mismanagement in the hospitals, and the grateful relief brought by Miss Nightingale are to-day much more vivid to me than the events of the last ten years. At the time of the Indian mutiny the suspense and distress were even greater, but nothing equalled the excitement of the American civil war. My father had always championed the cause of the oppressed. The sufferings of the slave were a burden on his soul, and I shall never forget the time when the news came that John Brown had been thrown into prison and was to be hanged in three days. Had the grand old man been my father's son he could hardly have pleaded for him more earnestly at family worship, and it may be imagined with what feelings the vicissitudes of the war which was to free the slave were followed in that home, and how prayers and tears were mingled at the family altar when there seemed reason to doubt the early triumph of righteous principles."

The first break in the family occurred in 1858 in the death of a little boy, named Arthur, nearly four years old. The deep sorrow of the time left a lasting impression on the character of the family. The next loss was the death of a three months' babe in 1861, and afterwards in

1872 the third daughter, Mary Helen, died in early womanhood. She had loved the Lord from childhood and among her papers was found a thought penned when in robust health six years before her death which indicates the spring where her happiness was found:

"It is not what we do, or what we have, or what we are at all, it's just Jesus. *It is not endurance now, it is drinking in happiness.* My Lord!

April 27th, 1866."

She lived to take part in the early days of the work of starting the New York *Witness* and when dying she wrote to her father in a last letter in answer to one of his, "The text that I have thought most of with regard to the New York enterprise is: 'Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee that it might be displayed because of the truth?' Is it not a great privilege to carry the Lord's banner unstained and unfurled, even though it may be through disaster or apparent defeat? 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass and as thy days so shall thy strength be,' (a promise wonderfully fulfilled at the last). 'There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help. The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.'"

Before this the family circle had been broken, or rather extended, by the marriage of two of its members, the second son and the second daughter, and nine grandsons and four granddaughters, the youngest now five years old, were the delight of their grandfather's old age, giving as they did good promise of walking like him in the footprints of the Master. His love for children was one of the most beautiful features of his character. He took great pleasure, too, in reading and playing with them and taking them on the little excursions which were almost the only form of rest possible to his active mind. The children had the utmost confidence in his readiness to amuse them. During the last few weeks of his life a six-year-old grandson would often climb the stair and say, "Grandpa, will you play a game of chess with me?" and the rapid pen would hardly stop while the writer answered, "Yes, you go and set the men and then come for me." The board would soon be set out and for an hour perhaps the busy brain would find much needed relaxation in playing game after game to the high delight of the child.

For a number of years this large and united family circle had watched with the tenderest solicitude the failing health of the wife and mother whose remarkable faith in God and whole hearted devotion to His service, with her tender sympathy and courageous hopefulness, had been such an inspiration to her husband and family, that it seemed impossible to get on without her. About three years ago, however, the call came to her, and a long life of suffering and self-sacrifice came to an end, but her memory will ever be blessed not only by her own family, but by very many who from time to time came under the remarkable influence of her saintly life.

When the news of Mr. Dougall's death, or rather, as we might say, translation, was telegraphed from his son's home at Flushing to the New York *Witness* Office, where he had been working the day before, the startled employees, with the members of the firm, gathered in the editorial rooms, where one and another broke forth in prayer as they realized like Elisha that their head had been taken from them. At the funeral service in Flushing, one minister testified to the fact that in the whole of Great Britain, wherever he had gone he had been asked, "Do you know the New York *Witness* and its editor Mr. Dougall," and he had been proud to say that he had a personal acquaintance with both. And another preacher said "I think to-day that there is no man in this broad land from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that has exerted such an influence upon the hearts and minds of old and young as our father in Israel who lies before us." The body was taken to the beautiful old home in Montreal, where part of the family still reside, and after very touching services at the house and at the church, it was carried to Mount Royal Cemetery where are the graves of his wife and children.

Five members of the family, two sons, a son-in-law and two daughters, have been for many years engaged in work on the different publications which we have mentioned, and others which have been added from time to time, so that although the founder is dead, his work will still continue in the same spirit in which he conducted it. One of the younger daughters has recently graduated at a New York Medical College, and is now pursuing a more advanced course. Mr. Dougall always felt that women should have the same opportunities of usefulness as men, while at the same time he taught by example and precept the duty of paying an almost chivalric attention to their comfort and happiness. His wife was often heard to say that in the utmost press of important business, he would never forget to pay the most minute attention to any commission of hers with which he had charged his memory, while his daughters felt that his ever watchful love gave them a conception of the fatherhood of God, which they could not otherwise have had.

His character was so many-sided that we can only point out some of its more remarkable characteristics in addition to those mentioned. One of these was that he never counted aught that he possessed his own, but held everything in trust to be used for God. His active mind was always inventing ways in which the house and the garden, the fruit and the flowers, as well as all the money he made, might be used for the benefit of individuals and the public. His hospitality was almost boundless. Until he went to New York, fifteen years ago, his time was given freely not only to religious meetings, church work, and committee work, but to such service as visiting the poor and the bereaved, and personally hunting up situations for young men from the country. One of his principles was that Christian men should, if possible, make their living by work which would at the same time do direct service to God and man, and he would remark that there were plenty of men who were not Christians to do the other kinds of work. Another characteristic was that he never looked back to see what he had accomplished, nor stopped for a moment to count his gains, but looking on all that had been done as nothing, he only looked forward to plan what could be done in the future. His childlike faith and childlike humility were very remarkable, as was the love he bore to all sorts and conditions of men. He would address a laboring man with as respectful a tone and manner as could be used towards those who stand in high places, and his personal character won love and respect from many who differed from him fiercely in matters of opinion. Strangers who expected to see great sternness and solemnity in one who denounced evil so unsparingly often expressed surprise at his pleasant, genial ways. One who knew him well fifty years ago used to say that he exemplified to him the idea of a *happy* Christian, and in his later years the sweetness of his disposition and utter unselfishness of character were a wonder to all who surrounded him. As growing deafness shut him out more and more from intercourse with men he gave more time to communion with God, and became daily more Christlike in mind and actions. His solicitude for domestic animals was often remarked by his family, who were never surprised even to hear him rise in the night to give a drink of water to an uneasy watch-dog. With him in daily life the only question as to action was, Is it right? and when he saw his way clearly no question of the loss of money or friends apparently came up in his mind. In periods of popular excitement his life was more than once in danger, and his children remember times when their mother went everywhere with him lest he should be shot down for his principles while absent from her side. He loved to keep God's Sabbath in the strictest way, and often sacrificed much rather than journey on that day, or attend to any secular matter. He left no fortune to his children, who are all able to earn their own living, but he left them a heritage far better than silver and gold in the good name which is respected and loved wherever it is known, and in the power to carry on the potent agencies which he set on foot which are calculated to influence the world for Christ and to hasten the coming of His glorious kingdom.

MARY AMES' NOVEL.

Mary Ames turned back the leaves of her manuscript, and read in a deep measured tone:

"It was a calm, starry night in the balmy month of June. The pale, silver moon rode high in the heavens, and a million twinkling stars sparkled in the blue canopy that, like a pall, overspread the world.

"The birds had sought the sylvan dells. The dreary song of the night-owl was all the sound that broke the solemn stillness, when—— Hark! hist! what is that?"

"Mary Ames!"

A tall, freckle-faced girl, with sandy ringlets, hastily slipped a quantity of writing material into a shallow table-drawer, locked it, put the key in her pocket, stepped to the head of the stairs, and said,—

"Yes, mother."

"What you doin' up there this hull afternoon? You come right straight down here, and set the table for supper."

"Yes, in a minute," replied the girl.

She hastily unlocked the table-drawer, took out paper, pen and ink, and added to what she had already written,—

"A single traveller, solitary and alone, suddenly appeared on a jet-black steed, and rode like the wind over the starry plain. He was a noble animal, with his finely arched back and flowing mane, and his panting nostrils emitting"—

"Mary Ames, did you hear me tell you to come down here right straight off? Now you better come forthwith and faster?"

"Yes, ma'am, I'm coming right away," answered Mary.

She tarried a moment, however, to add,—

"The rider was evidently of noble birth. Yes, he was the young Lord Algernon de St. Merrivale. His raven-black hair fell in shiny curls around his shoulders, his midnight eyes and alabaster"—

"This is the last time I'm goin' to call you, Mary. If you aint down here by the time I light a match to the fire, I'll come after you, an' then you'll start right spry?"

At this the girl put her writing material away again, and went sullenly down the stairs of an old-fashioned farmhouse.

"I don't see whatever possesses you to act the way you ben actin' of late," said her mother, a tall, angular woman, with a careworn face and toilworn hands.

Mary was writing a novel. She had until recently been well enough satisfied with her quiet country home, but a number of novelettes had lately fallen into her hands, sowing seeds of discontent. Mary was happy and satisfied no longer. Her home and daily round of useful labor became distasteful to her. Her plain life had passed into a romantic dream.

She longed for some "Lord Algernon de St. Merrivale" to come and carry her away on his "jet-black steed," and make her the "Lady Mary Ann de St. Merrivale."

She longed for palaces and royal robes. She began to detect evidence of "vulgarity" and "common people's ways," in her life-long companions, and even in her father and mother, who were, to be sure, old-fashioned and unpolished, but good and honest souls.

She resolved, at last, to become a heroine on paper, if she could not become one in blissful reality.

The young lord with the "midnight eyes" was riding straight towards Mary, who was to be in waiting for him in the shape of a "maid with violet eyes, sun-kissed hair that fell in golden ringlets over marble shoulders." She was to be clad in "a flowing robe of white velvet embroidered in seed pearls, while a gossamer veil of finest silk hung shimmering from a crown of diamonds on her head."

She was to appear in all this splendor after having been confined in a dark dungeon for four months by her cruel father.

Mary finished her novel, obtained the address of an Eastern publisher, and spent the price of four dozen eggs for postage used in sending the manuscript.

Two weeks later, Farmer Ames took from the post-office a large, sealed package addressed to Mary. Mrs. Ames was with her husband. They did not hesitate a moment about reading the letter found with the great bundle of manuscript. It was from a sensible editor, and read as follows:

"MISS MARY AMES:

Dear Madam,—Whoever you are and whatever you are, we earnestly advise you to give up novel-writing. You are evidently from the country; stay there. You have longings for a city life; give them up. If you have a good home, stay there in contentment until some honest, industrious young fellow comes to ask you to go with him to one of your own. He will not come in knightly trappings, or on a coal-black steed. Burn all your novels of the flashy, sentimental sort, and live for better things than they tell you of. EDITOR."

"So this is what has ailed Mary for a month back," said Mrs. Ames. "Stop the hosses a minnit."

They were on a bridge that spanned a swift-running little stream. Mrs. Ames stood up in the waggon with the novel in her hands.

One swift, scornful movement of her arm, and the manuscript went fluttering down to the waves; the latter bore it away, and that was the end of Mary Ames' novel.

Farmer Ames was a wise old gentleman. His only remark when he gave Mary the letter was,—

"Here's a letter for you, Mary Ames, and a mighty good one it is. You keep it and read it ev'ry day for a year."

Mary Ames' novel-writing dream was over. That dramatic scene at the bridge had ended it. The waters of oblivion had borne away her dreams and aspirations.—*Youth's Companion.*

LOOKING AFTER ONE SOUL.

"He first findeth his own brother Simon." Now I am sure that 'tis a good plan to go looking after one soul. Every soul in the world belongs to our Lord. He made 'em every one, and he bought 'em every one with his precious blood. They're his every way; and the devil is a thief. I've very often thought what a poor master the devil's servants have got. Why, when he came up to tempt our Mother Eve in paradise he hadn't got any bit o' a little thing for to bribe her with, and all he could do was to steal her Master's apples. He hasn't got anything of his own....Andrew didn't say "I'll try to do all the good I can," and then do nothing, because he couldn't find any to do; but he says. "There's Simon, I'll go and catch him." That's the way; pick out one soul, and set your heart 'pon it; begin to pray for that one, and go on tryin' till you've got it, and then try for another. We might do a good deal of good in the world if we didn't try to do so much. I've heard folk a singin,' and meanin' it, too,

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,"

an 'because the realm o' nature wasn't theirs they didn't give anything at all.—*Daniel Quorm.*

IF YOU WOULD NOT fall into sin, do not stand by the door of temptation.

The Family Circle.

"SO HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

Sleep a little: let your eyes
Close to this world's irksome glare;
Why should you look to and fro?
God is everywhere.

Sleep a little: let your hands
Rest from such incessant toil;
Your ten fingers are not all—
God holds sea and soil.

Sleep a little: let your head
Cease from beating problems so;
Some sheaves furnish only straw—
God says "Come," and "Go!"

Sleep a little: let your heart
Vex no more for other love;
To you in your hungering want
God stoops from above.

Sleep a little: let your feet
Stop and rest; the world will run
In its path and to its task—
God will see that done.

Sleep in hope: the night is dark:
Curtains dark are good for sleep.
Till the sunshine flood the skies
God your soul will keep.

Sleep in peace; all fearless here
Stretched at ease. Let burdens fall
On the floor like clothes cast down—
God can manage all.

ALFRED NORRIS.

—*Sunday at Home.*

ENOUGH TO DESTROY.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"How cold the room is to-day!" said Mrs. Snow to Mrs. Patter, as they sat side by side at the Cherry Hill sewing society. "We usually have a good fire if we have nothing else cheerful at our meetings."

"The stove is broken to-day, and the fire cannot be made properly," explained Mrs. Harding, from the other side of the work-table.

"Indeed! who broke the stove?" asked Mrs. Fuller, who sat in front of the sewing-machine by the south window.

"Some one at the last singing-school, I believe," replied Mrs. Harding, curtly.

"It was John Estin, of course," put in Mrs. Snyder; "but the stove is not broken; the grate is lost, that is all."

"Of course, then, it was John Estin," put in another woman; "no one else would have done such a shiftless thing as to have taken out the grate in making the fire."

"The grate to a stove is a queer thing to lose," laughed Mrs. Miller, and several others laughed also. They always made a point of laughing if Mrs. Miller led off.

"Perhaps he thought it would fit some of his stoves at home," suggested Mrs. Purce.

"I never heard that he would steal; I knew that he would lie," interposed some one else.

"Lie? Does he, really?"

"No doubt of it. He told my husband there were no shingle-nails at the store when he was shingling his barn, and he had just come from town when he said so, and John was up in the evening, and there were shingle-nails in plenty."

"You don't say so! Can that be possible? He is a liar, of course, and now if he has carried off this grate, it proves that he will steal. It is a pity! How his poor mother must feel if she knows of it!"

Mrs. Fuller dropped the garment she was engaged upon, and, leaving her position at the sewing-machine, crossed the room to the stove.

"Are you frozen out, Mrs. Fuller?" "So you think you will try your hand at the fire, Mrs. Fuller?" "We will award you a vote of thanks to begin with, only it is impossible to make a passable fire in this stove without a grate." "We must take a vote of the society to see if we shall buy a new grate. It wouldn't do to get one without; if we should, the one who sent for it would get the reputation of trying to 'run the church.'"

Mrs. Fuller made no reply to all this talk, but, lifting a cover from the back of the stove, she took the tongs and produced the missing grate.

"Oh, Mrs. Fuller, you are a witch!" cried the girls. "No, she is a fairy." "I have heard her say her ancestors were from Scotland; she has the Scottish gift of second sight!"

"Oh, no. John Estin told her what he had done with it. They are great friends, you know. She rode home with him from singing-school, you will remember."

Mrs. Fuller colored a little at the last sneering words, but she said bravely,—

"John Estin had nothing whatever to do about the grate; I put it there myself. Some one in putting wood in the stove pushed it over, and as the fire was nearly out, and we were all on the point of freezing, I shoved it back out of the way; there was nothing else to do with it under the circumstances. There are at least half-a-dozen here who saw me do it, and yet they allow John Estin to be accused of stealing because people have fallen into a habit of talking about him, and there *is no one* who cares to take his part. Mrs. Wiggin says he is my friend, and I hope he is, for I am certainly his friend. He is a gentleman in looks and in appearance; he is very helpful. I hardly know what we would do without him in the Society. I never heard of his telling an untruth until to-day, and I happen to know that when he *was on the* way to the store for shingle-nails, my husband told him in all honesty that there were none there, and he believed him, of course. You see he has not stolen the grate to the stove, and I think the accusations brought against him this afternoon have as much foundation of truth as most of the other stories flying about town to his discredit. He has faults, of course, and so have we all, but he has some virtues, and one is, he never speaks ill of anybody. It is easy to destroy, but it is hard to build up. Little Minnie, I see, has just pulled in pieces the garment that it has taken me an hour to baste ready for the machine. It required money and skill and labor to build our beautiful church last year, but you all know it took only an idle tramp to burn it down. Anyone may pull a rose in pieces, but only God can make a rose. I believe all the hard things that are being said about our young brother could be as easily explained as this little matter about the grate has been, if those who knew the truth would stand by it."

"Well, I think so, too," said Mrs. Nichols, "for the night it was said he was at Brockton in bad company, he was at home the whole evening, for my husband and I both were there until quite late. We told of it a number of times, but the majority seemed determined to believe that he was at Brockton, so we let it go."

Upon this, one and another began to tell something they knew in the young man's favor, and the minister's wife said, as the grate was adjusted, and the fire crackled merrily,—

"Even this small discomfort of the missing grate has borne good fruit, I trust; and I hope we may all take from this talk the lesson that I fear most of us need to learn, that always and in all places there are destroyers enough, and it should be the business of those who reckon themselves among God's people to be builders, and if we have grace in our hearts, and power from above dwells within us, our efforts to help ourselves and to sustain others shall be blessed."

—*Standard.*

A SECRET, AND HOW IT WAS TOLD.

BY ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

"The usual Wednesday evening meeting will be held in the chapel, and we sincerely invite our young people to attend. The topic for the evening will be 'Prayer.' Scripture texts or personal experiences on the subject will be in order; and if it would rejoice my heart to see more out, how much more would our Saviour rejoice to see his people in his house of prayer!"

The Rev. Mr. Barclay paused in the reading of the usual notices, and looked up appealing at his large choir of young folks, but two of whom belonged to his church. He had offered so many earnest, supplicating prayers for them, and for his large Bible class of young ladies; and yet the work seemed almost hopeless, and the good man was well nigh discouraged.

"Girls, what did you think of the sermon and all, this morning?" asked merry Lulu Hastings, after service, when the girls were waiting for Sunday-school to commence.

"What do you mean by 'all,' Lu?" said Nellie Andrews.

"Well, I was thinking particularly of the prayer-meeting notice. I thought Dr. Barclay seemed discouraged. I heard him tell father there were very few who attended the prayer-meeting."

"I wonder if Jesus isn't discouraged?"

It was Irena Holbroke who spoke now, and there was dead silence for a moment; then Lulu asked,—

"What do you mean by that, Rena?"

"Why, here are all of us girls—some seven or eight of us. Six of us have found Jesus, and we hold private prayer-meetings as if we were ashamed of it. Here is Dr. Barclay praying for us, praying for a revival, which has already begun in our hearts, and I wonder how many of us have ever told him we have found Jesus?"

Dead silence, broken at last by timid Mary Lee, who exclaimed,—

"I, for one, can never tell him. I am afraid of ministers!"

"Why, Mary Lee! They are very much like other folks. Why should you be afraid of them?" This from Bessie Sewall, whose elder brother was a *minister*.

"But, dear," said Irena, "the Bible says, 'They that confess me before men, them will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven.' We all want that."

"Yes, of course," replied Stella Mayhew "but must we do this?"

"I'll tell you," said Irena; "Let us all think and pray over this until Wednesday afternoon, and then see what the result will be."

Wednesday afternoon, came, and the young ladies were gathered in Irena's pleasant home, to talk over the matter.

"Well," asked Irena, "what do you think about this? I, for one, have decided to see Dr. Barclay and tell him of my new hopes; they are to precious to keep to myself. What have you decided, Lulu?"

"I asked Jesus to decide for me, and he said, 'Confess me before men.' That is all I have to say," answered Lulu in a subdued voice.

"And I," said Mary Lee, "am ready to tell Dr. Barclay I am trying to serve Christ."

"What do you think, Stella?"

"I must do it, for Jesus says so. I am praying that he will change the 'must' to a joyful 'I will,' and I think he will."

"As for me," exclaimed pretty Nellie Hastings, "I am afraid it will tell itself. I told mother and father and Uncle Ben already; and I am not afraid to tell the minister."

"I told my brother, too," said Bessie, "and he said I should have told others also."

"Girls," said Irena, "let us go over now and tell Dr. Barclay! There he is, just going into his gate."

"I am agreed," said Nellie, Lulu and several others in concert.

Twenty minutes later there was a knock at the parsonage door, that quickly brought the good doctor. To say he was surprised at the number of his visitors, would be a mild way of putting it; but they were all seated at last in the study, while the kindly face of the minister looked inquiringly at them.

"I am glad to see you, for I think you bring good news. How is it, Miss Lulu; am I a Yankee at guessing."

"I think you are, doctor. I have come to tell you I have found Jesus."

"So have I," "and I," "and I," went rapidly round the little circle.

Dr. Barclay leaned his head suddenly on his hand, while a few bright drops fell from his eyes as he murmured, "Mine eyes have seen the salvation of the Lord." Then he rose and gave each hand a hearty grasp of welcome and fellowship.

"My children," he said, as he seated himself, "this is my birthday, and you have given me the most valuable of all gifts—the gift of your confidence. Oh, I have prayed so long for you, that you might come to Jesus and be his dear followers. Let us thank him that our prayers are answered."

Then following a short, earnest prayer, and a long, confidential talk, in which the girls told him how recently they had found Jesus; how they had at first thought to keep it to themselves until they were fully established, but had agreed "to tell to all around, what a dear Saviour they have found."

In the evening at the "usual Wednesday evening prayer-meeting," the girls were all present; and the meeting was no longer stiff, dull, or formal. Each had a word for Jesus; each told it without hesitation.

These young ladies had learned an lesson which they never forgot—the lesson that they could not serve God in secret. If he is in the heart, he must be in the life.—*Church and Home.*

A BLIGHT ON THE CHURCHES.

WHAT IS THE REASON?

The time is surely come when the entire Christianity of the British Isles should be aroused to meet the ever-accumulating necessities of a dying world. Apart from the rampant materialism and supercilious agnosticism abroad in society, there is undoubtedly in the churches a widespread indifference, a lurking scepticism an ignoring of the saving doctrines of the Gospel, the substitution of ritual observances in place of the new birth and spiritual life. Indeed there is a strange blight resting even on those who are evangelical. And there is a pretty general complaint of an absence of power in the ministrations of the church generally, that the services are uninteresting and even wearisome, while few conversions are said to be taking place under the ordinary ministry; and the hearts of many are sinking within them from the apparent hopelessness of any change for the better.

May not the inquiry be suggested whether the unsatisfactory and ineffective condition of things is not traceable to the Church's insensibility to the mandate of Christ? May not the withdrawal of power from the churches in part be accounted for by their neglect to fulfil the great command? Does not Christ's commission warrant such an inference—"Go make disciples of all nations; and, lo, I am with you even to the end of the world?" Can the Church wonder should Christ withdraw power from her, even in her home ministrations, when she deserts the special duty for the discharge of which His abiding presence was promised?" On the other hand, could we conceive of any means more likely to lead to an extensive revival of vital religion in the Church at large, than that she should be started into action—ministers and people alike—by the trumpet call to arise, go forth, and subdue the kingdoms for Christ? Were the churches to realize that the function of their existence is to spread Christ's name in the earth, would not the result bear resemblance to what is promised to the Gentiles when Israel is restored—life from the dead?

Is not the case such as to demand the immediate attention of all the churches of the world to reconsider Christ's command, and in view of the races yet in darkness, and of the overwhelming increase in the population of the world (experts estimating that during the last hundred years it has even doubled), to lay to heart what can be unitedly done to meet the exigencies of mankind? Is the subject not worthy of international conference? We have Pan-Presbyterian, and Pan-Anglican Councils; why not a Pan-Missionary or Pan-Evangelistic Council?—*Dr. Somerville.*

TOBACCO'S PHYSICAL EFFECTS.

A bill has been introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature, prohibiting the sale of tobacco to those under age; and the Committee on public health, before whom the measure has gone, examined Professor Hitchcock of Amherst college, on the matter.

He advocated the bill on the ground that the injurious effects of tobacco were especially pronounced in the young, particularly in retarding the changes of the tissues, which are a most important factor during the period of growth, and that the habits formed during that period are peculiarly tenacious.

Dr. H. L. Bowditch said that he would have the bill go further, and provide for the arrest and fining of all minors under sixteen found using tobacco. In his long practice he has seen continued evidence of the evil effects of tobacco, especially in producing nervous diseases and neuralgic affections of the heart. From other specialists he has learned that cancer of the lip is found only in tobacco users; and he has no doubt that nine-tenths of the sufferings of General Grant were due to his indulgence in the weed. Cigarettes, he said, are more injurious than other forms of tobacco, because the tobacco in them is drugged.

Under the bill proposed, not only is the sale of cigarettes or tobacco to minors under eighteen forbidden, but it is equally forbidden to any except the parents or guardians to give them tobacco.

LITTLE STORIES IN SILVER AND GOLD.

When you hear any one talk about "Cæsar," do you know just who they mean? There have been several Cæsars: we read about Tiberius Cæsar and his father, Augustus Cæsar; but when people say simply "Cæsar," they mean the great Julius Cæsar, who was so much greater than any of the others that they are all forgotten when he is mentioned. He was born of a noble Roman family, and grew up to be a soldier and a great general. He became so popular with the Roman people that they elected him their Governor, or Dictator, as they called him; they also called him Imperator and High-Priest. He was presented with a crown, and the title of King, but he refused this because he knew the Romans did not like the title of king. Yet some of the Roman people did not like him, and thought that in his heart he really wanted to be called king. These discontented ones got together and surrounded him one day,

THE GOLD COINS OF BRUTUS.

and stabbed him in twenty-three different places, till he died. One of these people was Brutus, who had formerly been his friend; and after his death Brutus set up himself as Imperator, and issued the little gold coin shown in the cut.

Let us take a look a hundred years backward from the time when the great Cæsar was so cruelly killed. And let us go to the country of the Jews, Palestine. These people had been for many years downtrodden under the heels of a more powerful nation; and it is a relief to read in history that about the year 165, B.C., the Jews rose in a revolt against their oppressors, and succeeded in gaining their freedom, which lasted nearly a hundred and fifty years. In the early part of this long period, Simon Mac-

SHEKEL OF SIMON MACCABÆUS.

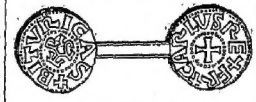
cabæus issued a shekel a little larger than a two-cent piece; it weighed half an ounce, and was worth about half a dollar. The cup on one side suggests the drawing of water at the Feast of Tabernacles; and the lily on the other side seems to be a reminder of the Divine promise, "Israel shall bloom as a lily."

This period of freedom lasted until thirty-seven years before Christ came, and then the Jews were conquered by the Romans, and remained a conquered people until sixty-nine years after Christ had been crucified. Then they rose in revolt against the Romans; but the struggle only lasted four years, and during that time, the Jewish leaders issued silver and copper shekels, having on them various different devices: a jug or a pitcher, a palm-tree or a vine leaf, or a bunch of grapes, or, perhaps, a lyre, or a temple, and the name Simon, and the inscription "First year of the redemption of Israel," or "second year," as the case might be. But the poor Jews were mistaken this time, for Israel was not redeemed as they be-

SHEKEL OF SIMON, PRINCE OF ISRAEL.

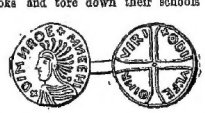
lieved. No; the Roman Emperor, Titus, laid siege to Jerusalem and destroyed it, and made the Jews again captives. Their redemption was not to come in this way. But another sort of redemption came, both for them and for the whole world through the influence left behind by Jesus, the humble Nazarene. And we soon find the symbol of the Cross taking its place on the coins of different nations. It appears eight hundred years after the penny of the good Emperor Charlemagne.

I will show you a little coin of Donald, King of Monaghan, in Ireland. More than a thousand years ago, he was one of the native princes on the beautiful Emerald Island. In those days, the island was divided into four parts, something the same as you see the back of the coin is divided; these four parts were called: Leinster, Ulster, Munster, and Connaught; and each



PENNY OF CHARLEMAGNE.

of these parts had a king. A piece of ground from each of these four parts where they met, went to form the middle part, called Tara; and here dwelt the High King, who ruled all the other kings. Every three years, all these kings met together at Tara, with the wise men and the priests, called Druids, to find out the state of the country and make laws. The Irishmen were called Celts; they were brave in war and very like the Britons, who inhabited Britain at the same time. The Celts grew in time to be wiser than many of the nations about them; and Saint Patrick came and preached Christianity, and converted many people to the good faith; but fierce, wild men from the east, called Danes, came to Ireland and fought against the Celts, and conquered them, and made them slaves, and burnt their books and tore down their schools and



COIN OF DONALD, KING OF MONAGHAN.

homes. But the Irish succeeded at last in driving the Danes away. Still the Celts were not allowed to live in peace in their own land; for the Britons, across in Britain, had been driven out by the Angles, a fierce people from still farther east, who gave the country the name of Angleland, or England; then the Angles were conquered by the Normans, a people even fiercer than they. And these brutal people, having conquered England, were not satisfied, but crossed over the Irish Sea and tried to conquer Ireland.

SIEGE PIECE OF CHARLES I.

Of course you know something about Oliver Cromwell. You may not remember very much, but you can recollect at least, that he was a great rebel against Charles the First of England and gave him a good deal of trouble; finally sending him to the block to have his head cut off; but years before the end came, Charles wanted money at a time when his rebellious subjects would not let him get at his regular mints; so he issued pieces of irregular shapes, called siege-pieces or obsidional pieces, and sometimes pieces of necessity.—*Treasure Trove.*

TWO PATHS.

A biography of the son of a small farmer who lived in the stormy times of Charles the First has just been published in England. John, on coming to man's estate, met a woman whom he heartily loved.

"We were not afraid to marry," he wrote, "though we had not so much property as a dish or a spoon between us."

John was soon converted to his wife's religious belief, and was not afraid to preach it, though he was sent to prison for doing it.

"If I am set free to-day, I will preach the gospel to-morrow," he told the judge. He kept his word, and was twice sent back to gaol, where he remained for nearly thirteen years. There he worked day and night making shoe-laces to support his family, and writing the gospel which he could not preach.

The book which he wrote, "The Pilgrim's Progress," has been read all over the English-speaking world, and has been translated into eighty languages.

About the same time a German lad of seventeen in a Moravian settlement in the wilderness of Pennsylvania felt "called of God," to preach to the savages. A nobleman who was visiting the settlement was pleased by the boy, and offered to take him to Europe, give him a training as a skilled artificer, and establish him at Utrecht. An assured career and a fortune opened before him; the whole colony looked upon him as the luckiest of men. He consented, and sailed in the suite of Baron S——. As the ship passed down the Delaware, they saw the boy, pale and haggard, gazing at the shore.

"David," he was asked, "do you wish to return.

"Yes."

"For what purpose?"

"To tell the Indians of God. That is my true work."

"Then, in His name, go back, even now."

He was sent ashore in a bateau, returned home, entered into the lodge of an Indian chief for two years, to learn their language and customs, and then gave up his life to preaching to them. No missionary has ever exercised a more powerful influence on the Indians than David Zeisberger. He founded forty Christian villages, and brought thousands of savages to Christianity and civilization.

A hundred years later, a small company of men, old and young, was gathered in a large room in Philadelphia. Before them lay a paper, a protest against tyranny. If they signed it, it was at the risk of their lives, and of the property which would keep their children from beggary. Not a man drew back. The result is the Republic of the United States.

Young men of the present day in choosing a career ask themselves, "Can I grow rich by these means? How much will it be worth a year to me?" John Bunyan and David Zeisberger would seem fools in the eyes of the wise men of this generation.

Yet it is only the men who struck out a higher purpose in life than money, and who obstinately followed it, that are reckoned among the world's leaders.

Only spiritual things last, and sacrifice is one law of spiritual happiness, growth and attainment. There are two classes of men; those who live for the gratification of self and those who live for the good of others, and the two pursue different ways, leading whither? ending where?—*Youth's Companion.*

A WHOLE CITY PRAYING FOR RAIN.

On entering the city of P'ing Ting Chow which is noted as the centre of the coal mines and iron works district, we were confronted with the unmistakable signs of the people's anxiety on account of this long-prevailing drought. In their way, much prayer was being offered for rain. The form and multiplicity of the prayers seemed strange, yet highly significant. At every door of every shop—large and small—and of every tenement house, and at the doors of several of the temples and shrines along the High-street of the city, was placed a willow branch set in a jar or pail of water, and a board over the mouth of the pail. On that board was put a small pot of incense ashes; but no incense was seen burning thereon at the time. Behind the willow branch and the water-pail and the incense-pot was a slip of yellow paper, on which was written, in black characters, a sort of prayer, which may be translated thus: "We unitedly and reverently present our petition for rain to the Holy Dragon, the Great King." Sometimes this form was varied a little by the addition of a few more characters which would serve to remind the Holy Dragon of his jurisdiction, or, perhaps, were meant to be a pious recognition of the same, and of the bearing of that jurisdiction on the needful rain supply. The variation took this form: "We unitedly offer our reverent prayer to the Holy Dragon the Great King of the five lakes and the four seas, and of the nine rivers and the eight streams." These terms are the Chinese technical expressions for the water systems of the Empire. These prayers were seen all along the High-street, and I am morally sure that the same might have been seen in all the other streets, before every front door of the officials and people, of rich and poor, of huts and shops, and even before the doors of the houses of their gods, as if they, too, united with the people in supplication for rain to his Holiness the Great King Dragon.

In the villages just outside the city a willow branch was fixed at every door; but nothing more. Over the streets and suspended on strings were small sheets of paper, variously colored, on some of which were written prayers to Heaven for what they termed "the sweet, enlivening and enriching rain." Thus the whole city and her suburbs may be said to unite with one accord in prayer for rain. And, in addition to this, the whole people were fasting from all meats and wine, thereby testifying the depth of their sincerity, though it is almost certain that this fasting was due chiefly to the magistrate's behest, who *hoped by such a* course, to make more sure of the kindly notice and tender regard of Heaven, or of any spiritual authority who could give them rain. The sale of wine and meat had been forbidden in the city for some time before we passed through. It is indeed strange that the above prayer was offered to the inferior god, the Dragon King, and not to the "Venerable Heaven-Father," whom the people, after all, believe to be ultimately the Rain-Giver, but such is the confusion of heathen thought and the incongruities of heathen practice that we meet with continually in this country, and which have characterized heathen thought and practice everywhere, so that the unity of the human race is displayed even in its aberrations.

The willow branch and the water in the pail were symbols, I suppose, meant to remind the Dragon King of the unutterable need there was of water for all living things, vegetable, animal, and human, as specially seen in the case of the willow, which depends so much on moisture. I am, yours truly,

Trentsin. EVAN BRYANT.

SHORT METHOD WITH "PERSONAL LIBERTY."

"I am a temperance man, but I have my doubts whether you have a right to pass such a law as you Prohibitionists are after."

"Why?"

"Well, if people want to sell what others want to buy, I don't think the law has a right to prevent. You haven't a right to say that people shall not drink if they want to."

"Of course, then, you object to the law that closes saloons on Sunday?"

"Oh! no. That is another matter. That is done mainly to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath."

"You admit, I suppose, that the Sabbath was made for man?"

"Certainly."

"You admit, then, that it is proper to close the saloons for the sake of the Sabbath day, while you deny that it is proper to do the same thing for the sake of the man himself, for whom the Sabbath is made! Is a part greater than the whole nowadays?"—*The Voice.*

TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

1. If a man drinks a pint of ale twice a day, how many gallons will he drink in ten years? To how much will it amount at 10 cents a quart?

2. (*a*) If a man spends 20 cents a day for whiskey and 25 cents for cigars, how much will both cost him in 12 years? (*b*) How many acres of land at $40.00 per acre could he have purchased with this money?

3. A young man, now 21 years of age began to smoke cigarettes at the age of 14, and smoked 10 cents worth daily. How many books worth $1.00 each, could he buy with the money spent?

4. During the year ending July 1st, 1885, there were 2,114 arrests made in the City of Oakland. About four-sevenths of these were caused by drink. How many were the victims of liquor?

SLATES.—Professor Cohn, of Breslau, believes, as the result of experiments, that the use of slates by school children tends to produce short-sightedness and advocates the substitution of either pen and ink, or of an artificial white slate with a black pencil which has been already introduced into a few German schools.

PATIENCE does not mean indifference. We may work and trust and wait, but we ought not to be idle or careless while waiting.

"TO GIVE IS TO LIVE."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Another caller was announced.

"Mr. Bacon," said a gentleman who was shown into the library, thus introducing himself. "Mr. Bacon, of the firm of Hallet and Bacon."

"Oh, yes. I've not had the pleasure of meeting you before," replied Mr. Goldwin, courteously. "Be seated."

"I have called to see you about a new lease," said the visitor, coming at once to his subject.

"My agent, Mr. Orton, will arrange that business for you." Mr. Goldwin spoke with a slight change of countenance, as though the subject were an unpleasant one.

"Pardon my intrusion, sir," replied the visitor; "but in this matter we ask, as a favor, to confer with you, as we cannot make Mr. Orton comprehend the situation of affairs. He is as inflexible as iron."

"Say on; I shall be pleased to confer with you;" and Mr. Goldwin's manner softened.

"Our lease will expire in May next," said Mr. Bacon. "We have been paying three thousand pounds a year, and Mr. Orton says that the lease will not be renewed at less than five thousand. Such an advance for us is out of the question. Our business does not justify even the present rate."

"You are old tenants, and have always paid promptly," replied Mr. Goldwin. "If the case is as you say, there shall be no increase of rent."

The countenance of Mr. Bacon lightened, but a shadow still rested upon it. Mr. Goldwin observed this, and said—"Will that be satisfactory?"

"It would be entirely so if we were able to make any fair calculation in regard to business. But we are not. Everything is working downward, as you know, and next year's earnings may be far less than the poor returns of this. In that case, three thousand pounds taken out for rent would scarcely leave an amount equal to our expenses. We do not expect to make money as things are; but we wish to keep up our business connections and hold our own until affairs get into a more stable and healthy condition. Is it asking too much of our landlord that he take some share in the evil as well as the good? His real estate is sure, but our business is not. His principal cannot be touched; ours may be swept away in some sudden disaster."

"How much rent can you pay?" asked Mr. Goldwin.

"Two thousand is the utmost we feel that it would be safe for us to undertake."

"Suppose I will not come down? What then?"

"We shall consider the subject carefully, and decide to hold on or move, as seems best. If you will give a new lease at two thousand pounds a year, we are ready to take it; if you will not, then we must look round and see what offers."

Mr. Goldwin mused for some time.

"One thousand pounds a year for five years," he said to himself, "will be five thousand pounds. A handsome sum to throw into the street."

The sympathy he had begun to feel for the struggling merchants died out, and the old hardness of heart returned.

"I will think about it," he replied to Mr. Bacon, in a brisk and rather sharp voice.

"When shall we know about it?" asked the other.

"In a day or two; or as soon as I can confer with Mr. Orton, my agent."

Mr. Bacon arose, bowed, and silently withdrew.

"You see how it is," said Mr. Goldwin slowly to his friend.

"Yes, I see, my friend, very clearly," replied Mr. Latimer.

"They'd want my warehouse for nothing if I were weak enough to give them the rent."

"Your way of putting it," said Mr. Latimer, a smile playing about his lips.

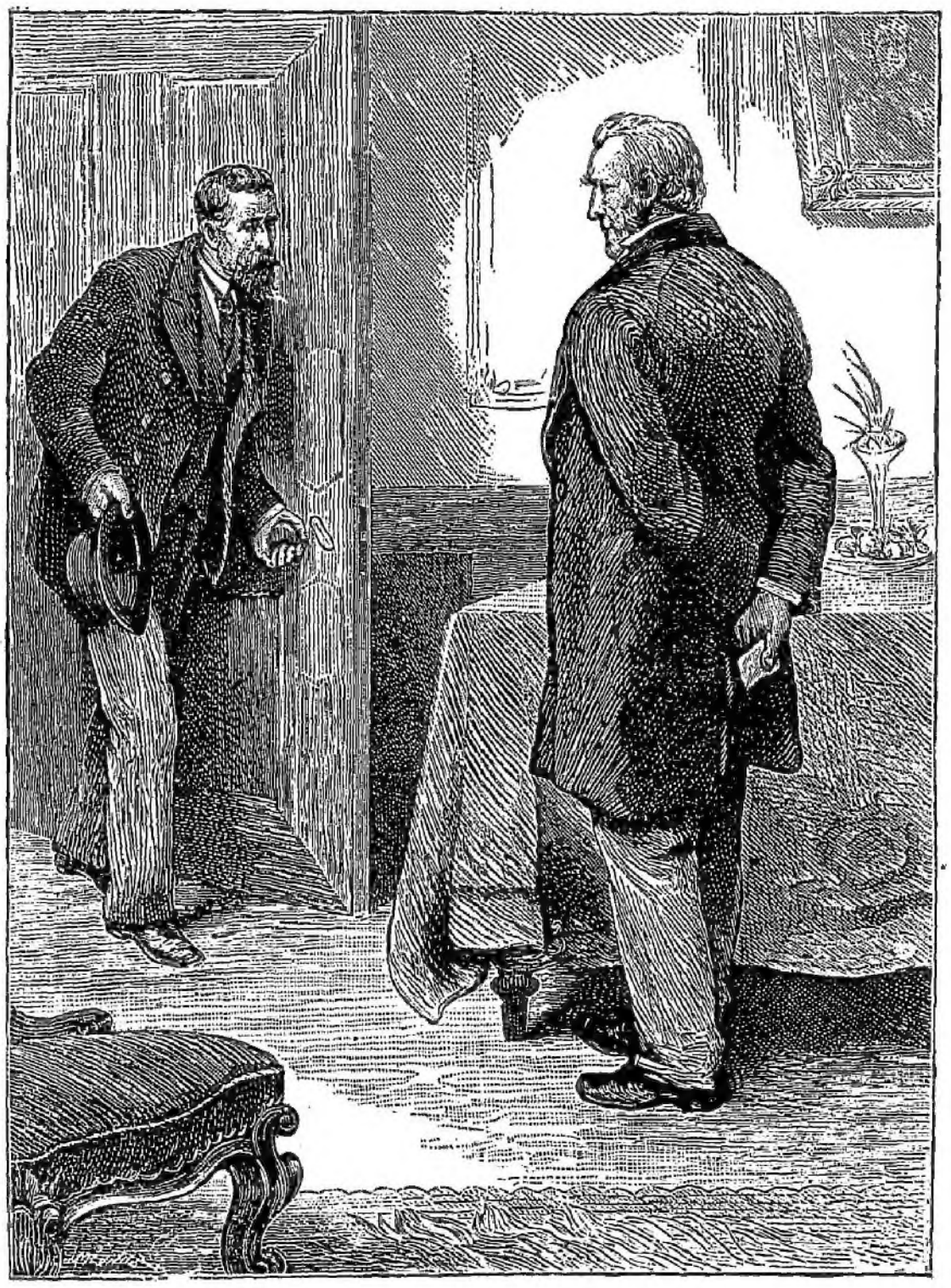
"A gentleman wishes to see you."

The servant had opened the door for the third time.

Mr. Goldwin gave a kind of nervous start as he took the card handed him by the servant and read the name—"Edward S. Lincoln."

"More trouble about rents," he said, aside, to his friend. "I shall put a stop to this." Then speaking to the servant, he told him to show Mr. Lincoln into the library. The visitor, with care written all over his face, entered. When seated he opened the business on which he came without circumlocution. There was a tremor of anxiety in his voice. Mr. Goldwin was right. It was another case of "trouble about rent." But the landlord felt irritated. Interrupting the speaker before he was half through, he said in a hard, impatient way—"My agent, Mr. Orton, attends to these matters, and I must beg to refer you to him."

"We can do nothing whatever with your agent," replied the visitor, in a half-distressed, half-indignant tone of voice.



"THE VISITOR, WITH CARE WRITTEN ALL OVER HIS FACE, ENTERED."

"I'm sorry for you then, but cannot help it."

The cold indifference with which this was said sent a chill along Mr. Latimer's nerves. The voice seemed scarcely like that of his friend.

"You will not consider our case?" said Mr. Lincoln.

"No, sir; Mr. Orton is my business agent."

The merchant withdrew, anger and disappointment darkening his face.

"You see again," said Mr. Goldwin, turning slowly to his friend, with the hardness still very visible in his eye.

"Yes, I see again most clearly," was the brief answer.

"If I hadn't an agent to stand between me and these men, they would worry the life out of me."

"What life?" asked Mr. Latimer.

"I don't understand you." Mr. Goldwin looked puzzled.

"The life that seeks happiness in getting or in giving?"

A few swift changes swept over the face of Mr. Goldwin. He started from his chair and walked the floor rapidly. Then he sat down, looking thoughtful and subdued.

"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them." Mr. Latimer spoke in a low voice, and with impressive earnestness. "My dear old friend," he added, after a brief silence, "I would not urge this matter upon you if you were professedly given over to the service of self and the world. But you are not. In early childhood a pious mother stored your memory with heavenly truths, and led your feet into the ways of kindness and charity. As you grew toward manhood, the good seed thus planted sent down roots into your mind, and leaves and blossoms unfolded in the air and sunshine. After awhile you became a believer in Christ and a partaker of spiritual finds its highest delight in giving of its good things to others. If we are born of God, we have the love of giving in our souls; but if we are not born of God, our delight is in getting and holding. Each one of us, by self examination, may know which life rules—the heavenly or the earthly."

"There is no doubt in my case," said Mr. Goldwin, speaking in a firm voice. "It is the earthly and not the heavenly."

"What then?"

"Ah! that is the momentous question."

"The pivot on which all the evidence of your future turns," said Mr. Latimer.

"What shall I do?"

"Settle first, in your own mind, your true relation to God and man; and then compel yourself through divine strength which will be given if you ask for it—'Ask, and ye shall receive'—to do what you see to be right. To God your relation is that of one who receives bountifully of his natural blessings. He has intrusted you with large wealth—a thousand times more than you can use for bodily and mental well-being—intrusted it to you that you may be a free or a constrained dispenser of his bounty. If from a love of the neighbor you are a free dispenser, then your blessing is doubled; if from a love of self only a constrained dispenser, you lose the blessing of both receiver and giver. Your relation to man I need hardly state; it is involved in what I have just said.'"

"Then I must sell all that I have and give to the poor," said Mr. Goldwin, strong lines gathering on his forehead.

"All the riches of pride and self-love, and become poor in spirit, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

(To be Continued.)

A HINDOO FAKIR.

A Canadian Presbyterian missionary, Mrs. Wilson of Indore, writes:—Before we had finished our inspection of the building, a fakir, a most curious specimen of degraded manhood came to the doctor for medicine. The man could not walk, having for probably many, many years, crept along in a sort of sitting position, as you occasionally see a baby do who is too independent to creep on hands and feet. His hair had never been cut, and was plaited in heavy long braids, and gathered like a huge turban about his head. As this neglecting of the hair is considered very pious, many fakirs try to impose on people by plaiting tow or jute with the real hair, so as to make it appear that they have been exceedingly religious during a long period. The nails, too, are allowed to grow as they will; and, in fact, the dirtier and more disgusting the body becomes, the better chance these men have in making their daily bread without any labor. It is incredible that some of them are not really sincere, and think to gain the only salvation they know (absorption in the Deity) the quicker by this means. But the majority take to fakirism as a refuge from any steady work. Indians are extremely lazy, and adverse to regular labor of any kind; so begging has come to be an honorable profession among them. A lady missionary told me that she had once undertaken to lecture a strong able-bodied woman who had gone to her begging for pice. "What has God given you hands and feet for?" The answer came promptly, "God gave me feet to carry me to the sahib's bungalows, and he gave me hands to hold out for pice."

THE McALL MISSION.

When Mr. McAll began his now famous work in Paris, he knew just two sentences of French. They were "God loves you," and "I love you." In them is found the key to the noteworthy fact that at present in more than thirty halls in Paris the Gospel is proclaimed every evening in the week, and in France eight hundred thousand people are brought under Protestant Christian instruction.

The way to avoid great faults is to beware of small ones.—*Spurgeon.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

When I was asked to tell a little of my mother experience, I felt that I could not do it, but if God wants me to say a word of what He has done, I cannot refuse. My heart yearns over mothers, and especially young mothers. The wailing requests for prayer that I have heard so frequently of late in mothers' meetings and in the evangelistic services, mothers saying, "Pray for my boy," "pray for my two sons," "pray for my son and daughter," have touched a chord in my heart that ached, and I longed to say to them, "And yet I show unto you a more excellent way." I have always had much to do with classes in Sunday-school —teaching since I was sixteen years old. Many and many a time both boys and girls have said to me, "It is so much easier for me to talk to you on the subject of religion than to my mother or father." It seemed to me such a sad state of things that parents could not talk to their own children on this sweetest and most important of all subjects, that I used to think if ever God gave me children to bring up for Him I would begin to talk with them so early about the things of Christ that it should be as familiar a theme as their plays or their daily bread.

God did give us children. They were consecrated to Him and prayed over constantly before they were born, and He gave me this assurance of His acceptance of my offering: "Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing and I will receive you, and will be to you a Father, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty," and then added this word with the emphasis of the Spirit: "The promise is unto you and to your children." I believed God did receive them and they were His.

When the little silken head of our eldest boy was first laid in my arms I said over him Hannah's words of consecration, "For this child I prayed and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him. Therefore I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord" (1 Sam. 1: 27, 28).

Then we trained them with constant prayer for wisdom to obedience, and to believe they were God's children, and that they must bring forth the fruits of God's children and take up Christian duties. When their father was absent from home they took turns with me in asking a blessing at the table and in leading at family prayers, and so prayer was never a cross to them. They were taught to give as Christians, and they gave at least the tithe, but it was more frequently the half or the whole of their little possessions; they were taught to pray over everything, and often have I heard them, as they were searching for something they had lost, saying, "Please, God, help me to find it." I always added my prayer to theirs, that He would answer and so strengthen their faith. If they said to me, "Mamma, do you think I am a Christian?" I always answered: "Yes, for you have been given to God, and He always receives our gifts, and now you must give yourself to Him," and they would reply, "Why, mamma, we have."

Two of them never knew when they became Christians, and the third one, though we had the same faith for him, and still believe he was a child of God from his infancy, yet at eight years of age he had a very clear distinct experience. He was under deep conviction of sin, and came to us for days confessing the faults and sins that went back almost to his infancy, and then one night he heard the voice of Jesus say to his soul, "Thy sins, which are many are all forgiven thee." He asked if I thought it was meant for him, and when I answered him it was the Holy Spirit speaking to him he just sweetly rested on the promise, and became so happy, and from that time doubly conscientious. Soon after this experience, I came downstairs one morning before breakfast and found him reading United States history (he was always our little historian) and crying over it as if his heart was broken. I said, "Why, darling, what is the matter?" and he sobbed out, "Oh, mamma, Tecumseh is dead, and he died by the hands of a white man." I said, "Tell me about it," and in tender glowing words he told me the story. I said, "Well, darling, I hope sometime you will tell the story of the cross with as much feeling as you have told me about Tecumseh." After a moment's silence he said, "Yes, mamma, I hope I will be a missionary and I hope I will be as brave for Christ as Tecumseh was."

Two of our boys are now in college and one preparing for college, and each of them self-consecrated to the service of the Lord. They have always had marked individuality and strong wills. With each of them, before they were three years old, there was a battle against parental authority which lasted for several hours, but through patience, firmness and prayer they yielded. From that hour they have been so obedient that one friend said: "They mind you as if they love to." I never knew a happier or merrier set of children, and their love for their home and their parents is almost a passion.

We have never had any worldly ambition for them. God may call them to the ends of the earth in His service, and we shall gladly give them at such a call. We have already given one back to the Father's home above. God has done all this, while consecration and prayer has been the means He blessed and always will. I believe it is a part of God's economy that Christian parents should so consecrate their little ones to Him and receive wisdom to train them in answer to prayer, that they never need grow to years of maturity before they are born again. Mothers do not need to bear such heavy burdens. Dear, dear mothers, Jesus wants you to try the more excellent way. For years I prayed that God would vindicate His truth (if our conception of truth was right) in our boys, and now my prayer is that He will vindicate His power in them.—*Mrs. A. C. Reed in Words and Weapons.*

TO BE REPEATED.

In a certain manufacturing town of Connecticut there lives an estimable lady who has two sons. She and her husband, who is a minister, have brought up their boys to follow whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, and to avoid even the appearance of evil. Sometimes in the course of parental talks they have said: "We ask you both, Harold and Arthur, never to go to the theatre while you are under our care. When you are grown up and are able to think and act for yourselves, you will do what your consciences tell you is right. Until then, keep away from the theatre."

Well, one day two friends of the mother called upon her with an invitation.

"Mrs. M.," said they, "we are going to New York to see a new and popular play. It is reported to be a very good one, to which the most moral persons cannot object. If you will go with us you shall be free from expense, and we will be sure to have a delightful time."

"Thank you very kindly," Mrs. M. replied, "but my husband and myself have taught our boys not to go to the theatre, and what can I say to them about it if I set them the example of going?"

The ladies took their leave—not offended, but thoughtful. I suppose that they made their visit to New York, and that they saw the play. A few days afterward, however, one of them called upon the minister's wife again.

"Mrs. M.," said she, "my friend and myself esteem you all the more highly because you declined our invitation. Had you accepted it, although we would have enjoyed your society, we would have thought less of you than we did before."

"Then," asked Mrs. M., "why did you give me the invitation?"

Men, women, boys and girls are not only most respected, but are most worthy to be respected when they have the courage to stand by what they know is right.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE MOTHER'S CHANCE.

"She was a special Providence to me," wrote the late Earl of Shaftesbury concerning his father's housekeeper, Maria Millas. He explains his meaning by stating that this good woman had almost the entire care of him until he was seven years old, when she died. Yet such was the impression she made upon him in those few years, that towards the close of his truly noble life this greatly good man said:—"I must trace, under God, very much, perhaps all, of the duties of my later life to her precepts and her prayers." What a striking testimony is this confession to the fidelity of an obscure Christian woman! And what a grand result it wrought! As is well known, Shaftesbury's nobility of birth, represented by his earl's coronet, when placed beside the moral grandeur of his character, was but as a glow-worm to a star. Through his long life his supreme devotion to works of benevolence gave him an undisputed right to say,—

"Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

His deeds gave light, hope, comfort, and elevation to many thousands who were born heirs to an inheritance of poverty and woe. And those deeds were the precious fruit of the influence of a servant in his father's household. What a splendid star that good earl will be in the crown of the glorified *Maria Millas*, his mother's servant! And how forcibly does Maria's success say to every woman who has the care of a child, "Make thyself a 'special Providence' to this child! It is clay; be thou its potter. Mould it for God!"—*Zion's Herald.*

CARE OF CANARIES.

The *American Agriculturist* gives some practical hints on the Care of Canaries.

The majority of people keep their canaries too warm. The Canary Islands may be a trifle warmer than Northern Wisconsin, but the canary bird is not a salamander for all that. I gave a friend of mine—who has a large family and a smoking husband—a pair of healthy and happy young birds. She hung their cage close up to the sitting-room ceiling, and the breath of six pairs of lungs, the heat of lamps, and the smoke of the good man's after-supper pipe, killed the little sufferers in five days. I wonder that they lived twenty-four hours.

Canaries are often famished for fresh, cool water. You will see bits of sugar, and sponge cake, and cracker, and apple, tucked all about the wires, while the drinking cup will be empty, or filled with green water and "trash," which no bird can touch. If the abused pet could speak, he would say that he would like a little less of grocery store about him, and a good square drink of clean water now and then. A sufficiently large bath dish is very necessary, giving room for the little wings to spread themselves. How would we human birds enjoy taking a bath in a narrow wash-boiler? A canary seldom has room enough, and water enough for a thorough, good bath.

A canary is not an epicure. He doesn't care for a dinner of eleven courses. All he wants is clean, fresh seeds, and some cuttle-fish bone, with, in winter, a bit of apple or crisp cabbage, and in summer a relish of lettuce or chickweed. Mother birds, of course, need a little hard-boiled egg and soaked cracker every day, to help on the business of baby feeding, and young birds should have soaked bread or cracker, and their seeds crushed, until their little bills become strong enough to do their own cracking. All other canaries are healthier and happier for a pure seed and fresh water diet, with the aforementioned relish of fruit or lettuce. Clean sand should be spread on the floor of the cage every day. Birds are social in their tastes, and they like to be talked to and visited with, and with little trouble they will soon learn to respond to their names, and to do many cunning tricks.

RECIPES.

How to Cook Beans, Peas, &c.—Wash well and put the quantity of beans required into a stoneware stew jar, cover them with water, and place in an oven. As soon as the beans have absorbed the water, add a little more as required until they become sufficiently soft which will take about three hours, no more water to be put on than the beans will absorb. The flavor and richness of the beans will be preserved by this method, which is much superior to boiling them. They may be heated over again, and are equally good, previously adding a little water.

Handy Cake.—Beat together two eggs and one teacup of sugar, and add three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one teacup of sweet milk. Into this stir two teacups of flour, into which has been well mixed, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with lemon. Bake in a deep, buttered pan, capable of holding about two quarts, that the cake may have room to rise. This makes a nice plain cake for tea, or a portion of it may be converted into a pudding by cutting in thin slices, and pouring over it some one of the many simple and quickly prepared sauces.

Minute Sponge Cake.—Beat three eggs two minutes, add one and one-half cups of sugar, beat two minutes, add one cup of flour and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, beat one minute, add one-half cup of cold water, with one-half teaspoonful of soda, beat one minute, add one cup of flour, beat one minute. I give this recipe as I found it, but I always use two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder in preference to the soda and cream of tartar. Flavor to taste. This makes a very nice six-layer cocoanut cake, by using the yolks of six eggs instead of three whole ones, and for the filling take one grated cocoanut, (it can be grated the day before using,) stirred into frosting made of the whites of six eggs and one-half cup of sugar, or sweetened to taste. This recipe is very good for any layer cake, or can be baked in a loaf. I will say that I always measure in an old-fashioned blue cup which holds one-half pint, and always measure the flour before sifting.

Queen's Toast.—A delicious way of serving stale bread is to make "Queen's toast" of it. This is delicious for tea, luncheon or breakfast, and it may also be served as a dessert by sprinkling sugar over the slices and grating nutmeg over them, or by spreading the slices with jam. For about six slices of stale bread, cut these as for toasting, take one egg, one cup of milk, and one salt-spoonful of salt. Beat the egg lightly with a fork in a shallow dish large enough to let the slices of bread lie in it, and add the salt and milk. Have a griddle hot and well buttered as for frying griddle cakes. Soak the slices of bread until saturated, but not soft enough to break when lifted with a broad bladed knife. Put them on the griddle, brown them on one side, then put a bit of butter on each slice, and turn them and brown on the other side. This is one of the nicest ways in the world of preparing stale bread, and it should be eaten hot with butter when not used for dessert. It may be fried in deep fat in the frying basket, and is then called Italian fritters. In this style it is served as a pudding with a sweet sauce.—*Exchange.*

Stuffed Beefsteak.—Take a "round steak" weighing six or eight pounds, spread it out on the meat-board and pound carefully with the "steak tenderer." Make a stuffing thus: Take bread crumbs from the centre of the loaf and rub fine. Put one-half a cup of butter into a frying-pan, and when hot add two medium-sized onions, minced quite fine, and fry until soft, putting in a tablespoonful of water if there is danger of scorching; add these to the crumbs, with a handful of salt, and saltspoonful of nutmeg, making about a quart of stuffing. Spread it over the meat, and, commencing at one end, roll it into an oblong scroll, binding together with strips of new muslin about half an inch wide. Put some bits of butter in the bottom of a baking-pan, and place in a moderate oven for one hour. Place on an oval platter, and garnish with balls of mashed potatoes, browned in an oven. Stir the gravy over the fire, adding water until of a proper consistency. This will be found the most delicious mode of cooking a tough steak. Serve either hot or cold, as desired.

PUZZLES.

MATHEMATICAL ENIGMA.

I consist of ten letters.
My first is one third part of 20 cwt.
My second is an eighth of four feet.
My third is one-fifth of 16 oz.
My fourth is one-ninth of a Troy pound.
My fifth is one-seventh of 40 rods.
My sixth is one-sixth of 100 cts.
My seventh is an ell.
My eighth is one-tenth of a cotton-bale.
My ninth is one-eighth of a farthing.
My tenth is one-eighth of 12 d.

Est. R. Tainer.

BLANK PUZZLE.

1. How you do ——, my child!
2. Thanks for the delicious ——.
3. I didn't strike, I only gave a ——.
4. You must be careful, my ——.
5. That material is excellent ——.
6. My dear, what are you ——?
7. Run quickly, there's your ——.
8. I have a pain in my ——.
9. Call the children to ——.
10. What a lovely flower is the sweet —— !
11. What is fixed for —— ?
12. Is the stock at —— ?
13. When you come to the door, please ——,
14. See, the cat has a ——.
15. Was it caught in the —— ?
16. Susie, I don't know where you ——,
17. You are a mischievous ——.
18. Now, what did you ——?
19. You are certainly ——.
20. In every foolish ——.
21. Be good, and it will be for me a glad ——.
22. Do not let me shed another ——.
23. Has the dealer allowed any ——.
24. That boy will fall and break his ——?
25. I'm sure that Paul has had enough to ——.
26. Why don't you talk? You seem ——.
27. Have you a piece of wide ——?
28. I like so much to burn ——.
29. Yes, mother, I —— it all.
30. Why did you not give Joe a ——?
31. Did he offer six —— cent?

The thirty-one words in the blanks are from one word of five letters, in the first sentence.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

POETICAL ENIGMA.—
The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade.
—*William Cowper.*

Charade.—Animate.

A MINISTER'S SURPRISE.

BY ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

"Not a very promising evening for prayer-meeting, John," said little Mrs. Addison, the minister's wife, as her husband beat a dismal tattoo on the window-pane.

"No, I am discouraged. It rained last Wednesday also, and our attendance lately has been lamentably small. I wish I could do something to increase it. This afternoon I saw twelve or fifteen of our young ladies going into Dr. Haverland's, and I could not help wishing they would care a little more for spiritual things; but come, dear, the bell has rung;" and a few minutes later the pastor and his wife entered the chapel, where a few—very few—of his people had gathered to worship God. Deacon Cross was there —"cross by name and nature," the young folks said; and dear Father Brighthope was not, and the heart of the minister fell as he made the discovery, for Father Brighthope was the minister's right-hand man.

A few others had gathered, and the services began. The first hymn dragged drearily, for the chorister was absent. At its close the door opened, and fifteen young ladies entered. It seemed to the weary minister as if the dull, little chapel brightened wonderfully under the influence of their bright faces.

Another hymn was given out. One of the girls volunteered her services at the organ, and the sweet, old hymn floated out on the evening air and put new zest into the service.

Then the minister read one of the chapters of John; and if the prayer he made was unusually fervent, it came from a heart filled with thanksgiving to God for sending these young folks into this house of prayer.

Another song followed—"Must Jesus bear the cross alone" and then Deacon Cross made a prayer and the meeting was fairly begun.

There was, in a moment, a slight stir in the girls' corner, and, sweet Grace Haverland rose to her feet, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, said, "I have found Jesus, and I love him beyond all earthly telling."

Staid Helen Grant next rose: "I love God because he first loved me and gave himself for me."

There was a pause, and Ellie Carrol at the organ burst into the hymn, "Wishing, Hoping, Knowing," dwelling joyfully on the chorus:

> "I know he is mine,
> I know he is mine.
> No longer I'm hoping,
> I know he is mine."

"And I know he is mine, too." It was a boyish voice—the voice of Arthur Haverland —that spoke those words, and tears of joy sprang to the Doctor's eyes. He could not wait for the close of the service, and crossing the aisle, he gave the hands of his son and daughter a hearty shake.

Two more of the girls expressed a hope in Christ, and three of them, including the minister's daughter Amy, expressed a desire to come to Jesus. It was a glad meeting, for God was there; and after it ended and the minister had grasped the lad's hand, Amy whispered, "It was a prayer-meeting we attended at Dr. Haverland's, and, father, it was the sermon on Sunday that led us to think of this—the sermon you called a failure. It was from the text, 'Emmanuel, God with us,' and I think God has been with us ever since."—*Church and Home.*

REASONS FOR DRESSING PLAINLY ON SUNDAYS.

1. It would lessen the burden of many who find it hard to maintain their places in society.

2. It would lessen the force of the temptations which often leads men to barter honor and honesty for display.

3. If there were less style in dress at church people in moderate circumstances would be more inclined to attend.

4. Universal moderation in dress at church would improve the worship by the removal of many wandering thoughts.

5. It would enable all classes of people to attend church better in unfavorable weather.

6. It would lessen, on the part of the rich, the temptations of vanity.

7. It would lessen, on the part of the poor, the temptations to be envious and malicious.

8. It would save valuable time on the Lord's day.

9. It would relieve our means of a serious pressure, and thus enable us to do more for good enterprises.—*Shield of Faith.*

WHAT WONDERFUL IMITATORS the children are! They try to do as older people do. Especially do they try to imitate their parents. "Because father said so" is with the average boy a clinching argument, and where is the girl who does not believe her mother more than all other mothers to be a veritable cyclopedia of wisdom. If this be true, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book)

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 3.

JESUS BETRAYED.—John 18: 1-14.

COMMIT VERSES 4-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.—Mark 14: 41.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

To all come hours of conflict and darkness.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 18: 1-14.
T. John 18: 15-27.
W. Matt. 26: 30-75.
Th. Mark 14: 26-72.
F. Luke 22: 39-62.
Sa. Psalm 1: 1-22.
Su. Psalm 88: 1-11.

TIME.—From midnight till three o'clock Friday morning, April 7, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—The garden of Gethsemane and the palace of Caiaphas.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Matt. 26: 36-56; Mark 14: 32-51; Luke 22: 39-53.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—After Jesus' prayer, they sing a hymn, thus closing their long and blessed meeting, and went out into the streets of Jerusalem, toward the Mount of Olives.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. BROOK CEDRON: or Kidron, a ravine, a brook in the rainy season that ran between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives. 11 to 12 o'clock, A Garden: Gethsemane, on the lower slope of the Mount of Olives. Here Jesus uttered His agonizing prayer three times, from 12 to 4 o'clock Friday morning. 3. A band of Roman soldiers from the tower of Antonia. About 1 o'clock. 4. Jesus Knowing: He went willingly, conscious of all that was before Him. Here is probably where Judas gave his kiss of betrayal. The Saying: spoken in chap. 17: 12. This was one fulfillment. 10. Peter Smote... Cut Off Right Ear: Peter was rash in his bravery. This act was likely to cause the disciples to be arrested as rebels, and to make Jesus Himself to seem a rebel against Rome, and His kingdom a temporal kingdom. Jesus destroyed the evil effects by healing Malchus. 12. Took Jesus: then all the disciples forsook Jesus, and fled. 13. Annas: formerly high priest, and now very influential. He sent Him to Caiaphas, the high priest, who first examined Him, then called the Sanhedrim (2 to 3 o'clock), and they decided He must die. During this hour, Peter three times denied his Master, who was in the hall opening into the court where Peter and John were around the fire.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where were Jesus and His disciples the night before His crucifixion? What had they been doing? What the last two last acts in this upper room? (John 17: 1; Matt. 26: 30.)

SUBJECT: THE HOUR OF CONFLICT AND DARKNESS.

I. A Great Battle and the Victory (vs. 1, 2; Matt. 26: 36-46).—Where did Jesus go from the upper room? Why did He go there? What was the name of the garden? Where did Jesus leave His disciples? What did Jesus do here? What was His prayer? How many times did He pray? What shows the intensity of His agony? (Luke 22: 44.) Why was He so sorrowful? How was His prayer answered? (Luke 22: 43; John 18: 11.) What were the disciples doing all this time? Was there any excuse for them? Did it have any bad effect upon them? (Mark 14: 50.)

II. Jesus Betrayed by a False Disciple (vs. 3-9; Matt. 26: 47-50.)—Who betrayed Jesus? Whom did he bring with him? How were they armed? Against what host of the Jews was this? Where did they find Jesus? What token had Judas given? Describe Jesus' voluntary giving of Himself up to them. What is this hour did He do for His disciples?

Why did they need torches and lanterns in the moonlight? Was Judas' kiss before or after the scene described in vs. 4-8? Why did the soldiers and officers fall to the ground? Did Jesus' words in v. 8 imply to the disciples that they should make their escape? What scripture was fulfilled, and why?

III. False Zeal and Desertion by True Disciples (vs. 10, 11; Matt. 26: 51-56).—How did Peter show his courage? What harm might this have done? What reasons did Jesus give against his act? How did Jesus remedy the evil? (Luke 22: 51.) What did all the disciples now do? Where do we next find Peter? (Matt. 26: 58.) When and where did he deny Jesus? (Matt. 26: 69-75.)

IV. In the Hands of His Enemies (vs. 12-14).—Where was Jesus taken first? Where next? (Matt. 26: 58; John 18: 19-24.) Who were Annas and Caiaphas? Who assembled to condemn Jesus? (Matt. 26: 57.) What time of the night was this? For whose sake did Jesus suffer all these things?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Every life has its Gethsemane of sorrow and conflict, and may have its victories.

II. In Gethsemane we are taught the nature of true prayer and its answer.

III. It is sad for the church to be sleeping while Christ is suffering and praying.

IV. Such sleep leads to desertion and denial.

V. Every one in Jesus is safe. He has never lost one.

VI. There is a wrong as well as a right zeal, and the wrong brings harm where it would do good.

VII. It is dangerous to follow Christ afar off. It leads into temptation, and away from the source of strength.

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 10.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.—John 18: 28-40.

COMMIT VERSES 36-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I find in Him no fault at all.—John 18: 38.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Each person must decide what he will do with Jesus.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 18: 28-40.
T. Matt. 26: 57-75.
W. Mark 14: 53-72.
Th. Luke 22: 63-71.
F. Matt. 27: 1-27.
Sa. Mark 15: 1-14.
Su. Luke 23: 1-24.

TIME.—From 5 to 6 o'clock, Friday morning, April 7, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—Pilate's palace. Either in Herod's palace in north-west angle of Zion, or castle Antonia, north of the temple.

PARALLEL HISTORY.—Matt. 26: 57 to 27: 26; Mark 14: 65 to 15: 15; Luke 22: 63 to 23: 24.

ORDER OF EVENTS.—(1) MOCKERY BY THE SOLDIERS. In the court of Caiaphas' palace, 3 to 5 o'clock Friday morning (Matt. 26: 57, 68; Mark 14: 65; Luke 22: 63-65). (2) THE SANHEDRIM ASSEMBLED AT DAYBREAK TO CONDEMN JESUS. Council chamber, 5 o'clock (Matt. 27: 1); because their former meeting was irregular, and they could not pronounce sentence till daybreak. (3) JESUS SENT TO PILATE. Pilate's palace, 5 to 5.30 a.m. (v. 28). (4) PILATE'S INTERVIEW WITH THE JEWS OUTSIDE THE PALACE (vs. 28-32). 28. EAT THE PASSOVER: the festive meals of the day. 31. JUDGE HIM ACCORDING TO YOUR LAW: kind of course inflicts the punishments allowed,—excommunication, scourging, etc. 32. THE SAYING: chap. 17: 12. WERE TO DIE: not the usual manner of death. The Roman mode of execution by crucifixion. (5) PILATE EXAMINES JESUS. Inside the palace, about 6 o'clock (see chap. 19: 14), vs. 33-38. 34. SAYEST THOU OF THYSELF: if he made the charge, it would be that Jesus had set up a kingdom like Rome, and in rebellion against it. To this Jesus would answer no. If the Jews made the charge, it would be that He claimed to be the Messiah, who was really only a spiritual king. To this He would say yes, as He did. 37. TO THIS END: to be a king. (6) PILATE'S SECOND CONFERENCE WITH THE JEWISH LEADERS. Outside the palace (v. 38; Matt. 27: 12-14). (7) PILATE SENDS JESUS TO HEROD. Herod's palace, early Friday morning (Luke 23: 5-12). Here Jesus was mocked again. (8) PILATE MAKES THE JEWS DECIDE (vs. 39, 40; Matt. 27: 15-26). 40. BARABBAS: a kind of brigand, who had made an insurrection against the Roman power, and was hailed as a hero by the Jews.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Give the leading events in the last lesson in their order. Have you read the parallel passages in other Gospels? Name time and place of this lesson.

SUBJECT: WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH JESUS THE CHRIST.

I. What His Enemies Would Do (vs. 28-32).—After the first examination of Jesus before the Sanhedrim, what was done with Him? (Matt. 26: 57, 58.) Why did they treat Jesus so? What is the evil of making sport of religious things? Where was Jesus next taken? (Matt. 27: 2.) Then where? (v. 28.) To be judged by whom? Where did His accusers stay? Why would not the judges enter the palace? Was this a strange freak of conscientiousness, considering what they were doing? Describe the interview with Pilate. Why would they not judge Him? What sentence was fulfilled? (John 12: 32.) How? Are evil men in attacking the Gospel still compelled to aid it?

II. What an Unjust Judge Did (vs. 33-38).—What was Pilate's next move? Where was Jesus? What did Pilate ask Him? Why did Jesus reply as He did? What did Jesus say about His kingdom? Over whom is Jesus King? What was Pilate's report to the Jews outside? Why did Pilate next do? (Luke 23: 5-12.) What was Herod's decision? (Luke 23: 15.) How was Jesus treated at Herod's palace? Why?

III. The Choice of the People (vs. 39, 40).—What demand did the people now make? (Mark 15: 8.) Who was Barabbas? How did Pilate attempt to escape a decision as to Jesus? Whom did the people choose? Why? What did Pilate then say? (Matt. 27: 22.) What choice had the people made? What was still the result of the choice? What was the result to the Jews of rejecting Jesus? (Matt. 23: 34-38.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. A bad conscience is shown by its fastidiousness as to ceremonies, but dulness as to wrongs.

II. The kingliest men and causes are sometimes treated with contempt,—reforms, truths, plots.

III. They are ridiculed through misrepresentation, and misunderstanding of their nature and aims.

IV. Jesus Christ is not only your Saviour, but your King.

V. Sincere seekers after truth will find Jesus Christ.

VI. To each one is presented the choice, Christ or the world.

VII. To choose Christ is to choose righteousness, love, God, truth, happiness, heaven.

VIII. To choose the world is to choose pleasure, selfishness, sin, defeat, sorrow, eternal death.

Question Corner.—No. 19.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

1.

My finals name an instrument of peaceful labor, which became in the hand of *my* initials an instrument of death.

1. One whose love for his friend passed the love of women.
2. An aged prophetess who served God day and night in the temple.
3. A good high priest who died in consequence of hearing of the capture of the Ark of God.
4. A king whose mother gave him good counsel.

2.

One of the only two men who reached Canaan the first time who finally entered it; and the woman who was instrumental in aiding that entrance.

1. The river where Ezekiel saw the Cherubim.
2. The city of Apollos.
3. One of the towns besieged by Sennacherib.
4. The prophet who was Elijah's successor.
5. The God of Ekron.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who asked, "Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"

2. Who said, "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God?"

3. Who prayed, "Oh that thou wouldst bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thine hand might be with me, and that thou wouldst keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me?"

4. What was the result of this prayer?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 18.

Sinai.—1. Exodus 20: 20.
2. " 19: 16.
3. Psalms 68: 8.
4. Psalms 68: 17.
5. Deut. 31: 2.
6. Deut. 4: 12.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

Jethro. Ex. 18: 1, 18: 14.
Num. 10: 29. Judg. 1, 16, 4: 11.

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